

Puck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



THE LADY IN PURPLE

Painted by E. Lionne of Italy

Christmas Gift-Thoughts That Have Charm

This Store is ready with hundreds upon hundreds of Gifts Worth While.

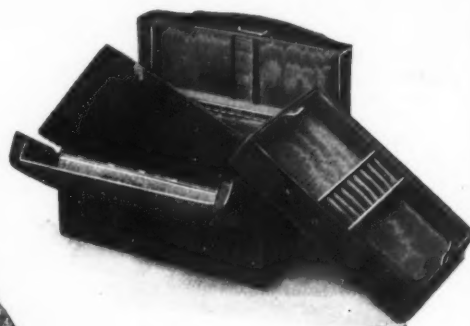
Things that people will appreciate receiving — that possess an air, a distinction of their own.

And yet are by no means expensive.

The little group of articles illustrated here is the merest indication.



Boudoir bag or yarn holder of old rose or old blue silk-finished poplin. Gold galon and gold lace trimmed. Rod top, moire silk on lined. \$3.75.



Crepe leather jewel box, padded; lined with green moire silk. Divided compartments with arrangements for rings, bracelets, watches, chain and strung jewels, etc. Size when closed 7 1-4 inches wide by 3 3-4 inches high. \$12.98.



Boudoir bag or yarn holder of printed crash in bright colors. Padded fruit in color to blend. Gold galon trimmed and moire silk on lined. Size 18x24 inches, \$3.98.



Women's "over-night" bag of fine vachette leather, gilt trimmed. Handsomely fitted with twelve ivory toilet articles: tooth-brush holder, pomade jars, comb, brush, nail-buffer and holder, buttonhook, cuticle scissors, nail-file and soap holder. The bag is 16 inches wide and 10 1-2 inches high. \$22.98.



Women's hand bag of finest pin seal, almost as soft as kid skin. Size 7x7 inches. Made charmingly with eight little pleated ruffles of pin seal. The knob is sterling silver, with space for initial. Fitted with mirror and coin purse. \$22.98.



Soft round cushion, silk covered in rose, blue, green or gold. Gold galons and gold lace-trimmed. 22 inches in diameter. This is exceptionally fine value at \$3.98.



Two of the wide varieties in cake, crackers or candy boxes, artistically stencilled on tin, in quaint and lovely patterns attractively colored. The larger box is 11 inches in diameter. \$2.49. The smaller box is 8 1-2 inches in diameter. \$1.35.

ABRAHAM AND STRAUS Brooklyn, New York

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as
Second-Class Mail Matter
Copyright 1916 by Puck
Publishing Corporation
(Trade-Mark Registered in the
United States and Gt. Britain)

Established 1877
Puck
America's Cleverest Weekly



PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: PUCK
is published every Monday
(dated the following Saturday)
by the Puck Publishing Cor-
poration, 210 Fifth Avenue,
Madison Square, New York
City; (Nathan Straus, Jr.,
President and Treasurer; Her-
man Bernstein, Vice-President;
Foster Gilroy, Secretary).

The contents of PUCK are fully protected by copyright, and must not be reproduced without permission.

PUCK IS MAILED to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months.

All communications should be addressed to the PUCK Publishing Corpora-

tion. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss, nor can it be held responsible for MSS. remaining uncalled for after 30 days. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned. Puck is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie., Paris, and Basle, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.

In this Issue:

COVER DESIGN, by E. Lionne, of Italy		PLAYS AND PLAYERS.....	13
MOHAMMED V, the Aesthete (Cartoon)	4	By Alan Dale	
By Julian Hess		EDITORIAL.....	14
PUCK INTERVIEWS THE SULTAN.....	5	GIVING LIGHT TO LIBERTY	
By Osiris Cob		"DEAR OLIVER"	
GRINAGRAMS.....	6	A FITTING MEMORIAL (Cartoon).....	15
ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.....	7	By C. R. Macauley	
Foreign Cartoons		THE SEVEN ARTS.....	16
THE THREEFOLD WARNING.....	8	By James Huneker	
By Arthur Schnitzler, of Vienna		IN EVERY KEY.....	17
THE QUEST OF PIERROT.....	9	By Benjamin de Casseres	
By Elias Lieberman		THE UNTUTORED SAVAGE.....	18
"BUBBLE-BUBBLE—"	10	By K. L. Roberts	
THE MAN WHO SAVED RUSSIA.....	10	THE MODEL.....	19
THE CONSUMER FAMILY.....	11	By A. B. Baker	
By Berton Braley, Illustrations by		FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.....	20
Merle Johnson		HOLWORTHY HALL EXPLAINS.....	24
AT HOME AND ABROAD (Cartoons).....	12		
By W. C. Morris			

What's the Funniest Thing That Ever Happened To You?

PUCK wants to know.
It will pay \$500 to know it.

Prizes

First Prize, \$250
Second Prize, 150
Third Prize, 100

Tell your story in five hun-
dred words or less.

Write on one side of the
paper only.

Stories which are available
for publication, but not
prize winners, will be paid
for at our regular rates.

Those not available will
be returned, provided a
stamped and self-addressed
envelope is enclosed for
the purpose.

The contest will close March 15.

Address:

Funny Story Editor, PUCK
210 Fifth Avenue
New York

P.S.—The funniest thing that ever hap-
pened to you doesn't have to be true
so long as it's funny.

Puck

will contain next week, among others, the following features:

THE MOST STRIKING CARTOONS

By RAEMAEEKERS
The Famous Dutch Artist

THIS IS AN AGE OF SPECIALISTS

By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

THE CREATION OF BRAHMA

A Hindoo Legend
By W. DOROSHEVITCH, of Moscow

PROGRESS IN 1916

A Review of the Year
By OSIRIS COB

MACAULEY'S CARTOON

ALAN DALE'S COMMENTS ON THE DRAMA

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HESS, MORRIS, BARTON
and other prominent artists

Ruck



Mohammed V, the Aesthete

Puck Interviews the Sultan

By Osiris Cob

The Kaiser is the Don Quixote of Europe. The Czar is the Hamlet of Europe. The Sultan of Turkey is Lady Macbeth, a tragic Machiavelli, a sleep-walker on the edge of the hurly-burly of Western civilization.

At least we think so.

European Turkey is something of a No Man's Land, a Noah's Ark stranded on the Ararat of vast pasts, a lapsed particle of the Orient washed up on the soil of Europe. We call those who inhabit that bit of South-eastern Europe "the Unspeakable Turk" — probably because he took to soap, Krupps, honesty, modern machinery, yellow journalism and hobnailed puritanism (a few of the boasted, moral assets of his Western neighbors) rather late in his career.

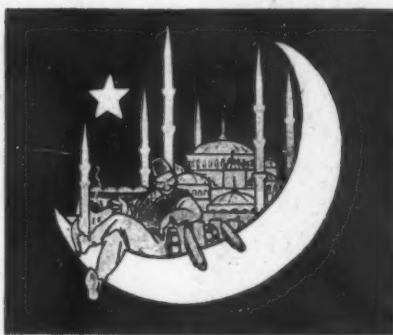
If he had annihilated Charles Martel at Tours we should to-day, in all likelihood, have the Koran on the parlor table instead of our own Book of Spiritual Etiquette. It was a narrow escape — whether for ultimate good or evil to the superb and well-nigh perfect civilization of the Occident can only be known by the hypothetical God-of-Things-as-They-Are-Not.

So an interview, I thought, with the Sultan of Turkey — Mohammed V — is like a talk with a Temptation, a conversation with a Daring Hypothesis, a tête-à-tête with a diplomatic Cain. We like to think of the Sultan as a monster, a broker of unthinkable vices, a man who spends his days in conference with Beelzebub, Asmodeus & Co. and his nights listening to the bulbul and the melodic voices of the languorous daughters of Lilith.

Stupidity, thy name is Imagination! There is no such person as the West — especially we here in America — conjures up as the Sultan. Mohammed V as I met him and conversed with him is a gentleman of the twentieth century, twirls a cane around the palace grounds and crunches peanuts like Armenian skulls while pointing out to his guests, in his magnificent library, the shelf on which rests his precious collection of rare editions of the Talmud and Boccaccio.

After some difficulties and a few *pourboires*, I gained the Presence. Mohammed is past seventy as we figure things out Here Below, but his age figured in the cabalistic years of Wisdom we shall never know. A Sultan is no older than his last war.

It was shortly after the German drive on Verdun that I was his guest. One must be careful in interviewing a ruler who is also the spiritual head of a great religion. On approaching him my skull was a maze of queerly juxtaposed and irreconcilable connotations and images. Celestial seraglios, Armenia, Walter Scott's Oriental novels, Young Turkey, Pierre Loti, Mahomet, the Alhambra, the Galata Bridge, aromatic



cigarettes, the Sepulchre, Zion, Bashi-bazouks, Ellsworth's Zouaves and Washington street-near-the-Battery were engaged in a great polyphonic and polychromatic can-can in my brain.

But Mohammed put me immediately at ease by saying, "The war, I suppose. The American people would like to know what I think of the Great Spectacle — yes, spectacle; for it is nothing else to me." He said this so disinterestedly — as though he were sitting in the auditorium of the Moon watching a comedy staged for him alone on the planet Earth — that I was thrown off my mental feet. No "Oriental warmth" here, I thought. I have to deal with a bonze, a disciple of the great French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, who believes that life is worth living, to the cultured man at least, if only for the pleasure of watching the tragicomedies of Change.

"It is a vast and beautiful spectacle, indeed," continued the Sultan. "Fate is the impresario, not myself, or the Czar, or the Kaiser, or France, or the King of England. To blame Us, the rulers of Europe, and our diplomatic wire-pullers, for this readjustment and revaluation of social, political, economic, and even comical, values is the judgment of superficial and unemancipated minds. We are as completely the pawns of Life and its mysterious ukases as are the humblest of our subjects. As well blame Napoleon for being Napoleon as Us for this war."

"Kismet, then, as you Orientals say, is the protagonist of the war?" I asked, fascinated by this intellectual *raffini*.

"Fate, my dear sir," replied the Sultan, with a smile the subtle prisms of which played leapfrog in his whiskers, "is the cyclone cellar in which all monarchs live. We in the Orient have made of Kismet a religion, the religion. In great disasters, natural or political, we retreat behind Fatality. You in the West, you men of the Occident, will never understand this giant catastrophe because you are always seeking to put the blame on the 'other fellow,' as you say. You are always looking for immediate causes, scapegoats. We Orientals, on the contrary,

brush all such guesses aside and say 'It is written' — that is, it is foreordained, predestined, immanent."

Here he trotted up and down the room at a lively gait. Was he running a race with Kismet itself?

"And why did Turkey go into this war on the side of the Teutons? That's what you are going to ask me next. Well, I'll tell you; and after I've told you, you will probably know more of Turkish psychology than when you started. It was to satisfy our idea of Grandeur. Being fatalists, we are Nietzscheans. Our entry on the side of Germany was neither for political nor economic reasons. It was purely aesthetic. Germany appealed to our imagination, to our epical sense, to our mystical side. She spells Drama, Heroism, Holy War, Conquest.

"Paranoiacs, egomaniacs, you will say. Maybe. What then? All great movements, like all great men, bear about them something demoniacal, unreal, unbalanced.

"When a boy I was a German Romantic. I lived on Schlegel, Fichte, Schliermacher, Schelling and Hegel. (You see how little the world knows me? — they think, over in your country, that I live in a harem, and concoct Armenian massacres between cigarettes.) Here is the raw material, I thought at that time, while drinking in the wisdom of these great dreamers, of a stupendous jest, a superb world-war, an enormous tragedy. It is very necessary, thought I at that time, to translate the phrases of these Romantics into volition, and presto! we should have again with us the glory and the glitter and the heroic age of Genghis Khan and Attila. First come the philosophers and then the sword — that is history as we Orientals understand it.

"And," continued the great fatalist of Yildiz, "anyhow, away with moral questions, with purely ethical hair-splitting! The psychological basis of all wars is ennui — boredom. In the East that is our chief scourge. Ennui is a state of mind wherein something must be done to titillate the nerves and emotions at any cost. Else the people would begin to think, and that would be unfortunate for us epicureans of Spectacles.

"When the people begin to yawn give them a war. It is the only way to save your bacon. Life here in Constantinople and out there in Asia in the desert is dry and arid without the beat of the drum and a summons to death. We Easterners are bored to death by your mechanical inventions and your pamphlets on progress and your anæmic doctrinaires of peace-at-any-price.

(Continued on page 21)

Grinagrams

And there is another good—but as yet unmentioned—feature about the brilliant lighting of Liberty. Deputy sheriffs at Bayonne will be able to “snipe” strikers at night with much brighter prospect of results.

The Pennsylvania legislature, in Harrisburg assembled, has put the ban on movie films which show safe-crackers at work. This, it is timely to mention, will bar out all views of the building of the famous Harrisburg State House. Pennsylvania papers please copy.

With the transfer of the real estate completed, all that remains to Mrs. Dick under the will of her former husband is the \$1,000,000 in cash given to her outright.

—From the *Annals of the Astors.*

All, all are gone, the old familiar income! However, if the wolf plans to visit the Dick door, it is but fair to warn him that the butler and the second-man are both large and muscular.

Announcement comes from the Treasury Department that the new quarters and half dollars won't be out until after the first of the year. This, perhaps, is just as well. Were they out, say, on New Year's Eve, there might be a tendency to undertip hatboys with them, and thus lead to unpleasantness.

This country, say air authorities, is alarmingly lacking in students of aviation. Nobody seems eager to take it up. As a mere suggestion, why not intercept some of the bright young men who are about to take fliers in Wall Street?

In his address to the Constitutional Congress of Mexico, Carranza referred to judges as “heretofore only the tools of governors.” If there be any “conservatives” left in Mexico they will accuse Carranza of trifling with “the sanctity of the courts.” Perhaps Elihu Root might be persuaded to go down there and make a speech before the Bar Association.

“In the last two years our gold supply has been increased more than forty per cent.; we have bought back one and a half billion dollars of our own securities, have bought two billions worth of foreign securities, and the balance of trade is two and a half billions in our favor.”

—Frank H. Vanderlip, Banker.

Why worry about the cost of eggs or butter or little Willie's shoes when “we” are as rich as that? Have the above printed on a card in large black type and hang the card where you can see it; preferably near the file where you keep the household bills.

Great Britain has decided to admit American hosiery. John Bull must have seen some of those outdoor group pictures of American “Society” at Hot Springs or Piping Rock.

The nations in the war are unanimous in saying that it is a case of fight “till the last man.” That being settled, it is only a question of time when the Kaiser and the King of England will peep cautiously over the tops of first-line trenches and try to shoot each other's crown off.

German agrarians are receiving 150 marks (\$37.50) apiece for goats. An instance of war prices in Europe. Over here you can get a German's goat without spending a cent.



A Christmas equation

The charge by the food-investigators that there is gross gambling in storage eggs need not cause the gamblers any embarrassment or inconvenience. All they need do is to have Eggs Common and Eggs Preferred listed on the New York Stock Exchange and then they may gamble in them to their heart's content. And best of all, it will be perfectly legitimate.

Some of the more careful mothers who have daughters just coming out have decided that it is best to cut out luncheon parties and to let their young debutantes take a good long sleep in the morning and be in fine condition for what comes in the afternoon and later.

—Society news.

With all this labor agitation going on, it is odd that no one sounds the slogan, An Eight-hour Day for Debutantes. Some day some Social Worker will lay bare conditions in the Debutante Industry and the whole civilized world will recoil from the shock of it.

Some of us are a trifle timid about adopting radical means to prevent consumer-squeezing in food matters for the reason that however remote the probability, there always remains the pure ray of hope that to-morrow, or the next day, we shall be able to do a little consumer-squeezing ourselves. Radical measures of reform have no nice sense of discrimination; they are apt to queer my little game as your little game.

While at Lakewood, Justice Hughes and the late (in conceding) Mr. Willcox stopped at the Laurel-in-the-Pines. A sort of consolation prize. If not the laurel-on-the-brow, then the Laurel-in-the-Pines.

Athens just at present is making a strong bid to be known as the European Chihuahua.

“You start with one step, seem to change your mind and tap upon the floor, emphatically, with toe and heel. Then you dance the two-step, change your mind and tap the floor with toe and heel. You finish with a fox-trot and tap the floor as aforesaid.”

—A Dancing Genius.

Poe, doubtless, had this in mind when he wrote of someone “gently tapping.” So, also, had Ned Harrigan when in “Casey's Social Club” he blithely sang:

“And forward, four,
And whack the floor,
Wit' Casey in the Dance!”

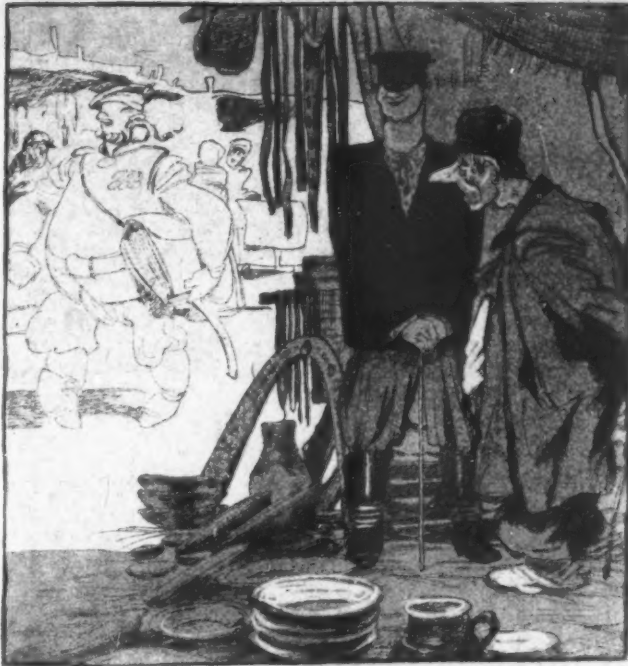
Elihu Root, it is announced, will “sound the keynote” of the Congress of Constructive Patriotism which is to be held at Washington next month. We should think they'd pick somebody with a better ear for modern music.



“Let's pinch each other, Kitty, to make sure we ain't dreamin'.”

Ruck
All in the Point of View

7



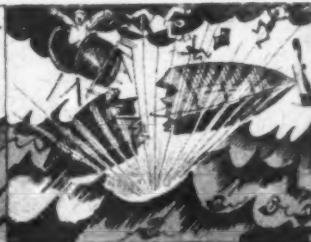
ST. NICHOLAS OFF TO THE FRONT
(From the Satyrikon, Petrograd)



SAD NEWS FROM THE WESTERN FRONT
(As Seen through Russian Eyes)



Airships sinking in the ocean.



Submarines going up in the air.



Crows eating human beings.



Human beings eating crows.

TEUTONIC TOPSY-TURVY
(As Russians See it)



BEARING THE BURDEN OF WAR DEBTS
(As Germany Views It)

The Threefold Warning

By Arthur Schnitzler (of Vienna)

Author of "The Affairs of Anatole," etc.

In the fragrance of morning, when the light of heaven was a halo on earth, a youth wended his way towards the beckoning mountains and felt his joyous heart beating in unison with all the pulses of the world. Unobstructed and free, his way led him for many an hour through open country, until, of a sudden, at the edge of a forest, a Voice resounded, coming from all directions, from far and near, at the same time: "Pass not through this forest, youth, for if thou dost — thou shalt commit murder."

He paused as though thunder-struck, looked around, and, perceiving no living being near, understood that it was a ghost that had spoken to him. His courage, however, would not stoop to obey such a vague call, and hardly modifying his pace, he kept marching forward, but with all his senses strained to glimpse the unknown foe who gave him the warning. Nobody crossed his path, no suspicious noise was heard, and, unaccosted, the lad soon emerged from the heavy shadows of the trees into the open.

He sat down under one of the trees at the edge of the forest for brief repose, and his gaze strayed across a wide meadow to the mountains, among which rose the sharp outline of a high summit — the ultimate destination of the youth. But as soon as he was on his feet again, the inexplicable Voice resounded once more from near and far: "Cross not this meadow, youngster, lest thou bring ruin on thy fatherland." Pride prevented the youth from heeding the second warning. He even smiled at the empty verbosity which pretended to be pregnant with mysterious meaning, and hurried onward, unconscious whether it was impatience or uneasiness which accelerated his steps.

Damp night vapors hung over the plain when at last he reached the rocky wall which he intended to scale. But he had hardly set foot on the bare crag when there resounded in the same inexplicable way, coming from near and far simultaneously, for the third time, more threatening than before, the warning: "Go no farther, youngster, or thou shalt meet thy death."

But the youth sent a volley of loud, boisterous laughter into the air, and continued without hesitation or hurry. The more dizzying grew the path, the freer his chest expanded, and when, bold, and rejoicing, he reached the peak, the dying glow of day shone on his face.

"Here I am!" he exclaimed with jubilation. "If this were a test, good or evil spirit, I have withstood it. No murder burdens my soul, unmolested slumbers my beloved fatherland deep in the valley below, and I am still among the living. And whoever Thou mayest be, I am stronger than Thou, for I did not believe Thee and was right in doing so."

And like a thunderstorm, approaching nearer and nearer, a Voice rang out from the

distant cliffs: "Youngster, thou art mistaken." And the thundering force of those words threw the wanderer off his feet.

And he stretched himself lengthwise on the narrow shelving rock as though it had been his wish to take a rest there, and,



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

mockingly twitching the corner of his mouth, he spoke into space: "So I committed murder without even having noticed it?" And the reply came in stentorian tones: "Thy reckless step trod down a worm." Unmoved, the youth replied: "So it is neither a good nor an evil spirit that is speaking to me, but a witty one. I never suspected the existence of such."

And once more there rumbled from somewhere in the fawn-colored evening sunshine of the heights: "Then thou no longer art the same youth who but this morning felt his heart beat in unison with all the pulses of the world, to whom life seemed a festival, into whose heart no notion of life's delights and horrors ever penetrated?"

"If this be so," returned the youth wrinkling his forehead, "then I am hundred and thousandfold guilty, just as other mortals are who destroy the lives of countless numbers of small reptiles without being aware of it, and without any evil intention."

"But thou wert warned. Knowest thou for what this worm had been destined in the endless scheme of Coming and Going?"

With head bowed, the youth replied: "As I neither do nor can know it, be it a source of humiliation to Thee that I committed a murder which it had been Thy intention to prevent. But what I am really anxious to hear is how my traversing the meadow could possibly bring ruin on my fatherland."

"Hast thou noticed the many-colored butterfly," the Voice resounded, "which fluttered for an instant near thee?"

"I saw many butterflies, perhaps this one among them."

"Thou sawest many! Thy breath diverted many of them from their course; but the one I mean was driven by thy breath eastward and flew for miles and miles until it reached the golden fence of the royal park. And out of this butterfly will come a year hence a caterpillar, which, on a sultry summer afternoon, will crawl on the white neck of the young queen, and so suddenly awaken her from her slumber that her heart will sink in her breast and the child within her womb will languish away. And instead of the lawful heir, cheated out of his existence, the king's brother will ascend the throne. Being a malicious, wicked and cruel man, he will throw the people into a state of despair and indignation and finally, in order to save himself, will declare war and thus cause immeasurable suffering to thy beloved fatherland. And of all this thou art guilty, — thou whose quickly-coming breath drove the butterfly towards the king's park."

The youth shrugged his shoulders: "How can I possibly deny that all may happen just as Thou predictest, invisible spirit, — for everything on earth is but cause and effect. Oftentimes stupendous things grow out of trifles, and many trifles trail after tremendous events. But why should I believe this prophecy of Thine since Thy death warning proved false?"

"Whoever ascends this peak," came the answer in dreadful accents, "must also descend again if he wishes to rejoin the living. Hast thou thought of that?"

The youth then arose with a start as though intending to retrace his steps at once. But, when with sudden horror, he found himself in the midst of the impenetrable night which enveloped him, he realized that he needed daylight for his daring undertaking; and in order to assure the full possession of his senses for next morning he again lay down on the narrow shelving rock, with an ardent desire to fall asleep. But as he lay there motionless, his mind was wide awake, his tired eyelids were painfully open, and thrills of foreboding ran through his veins.

The dizzying precipice gaping before his eyes and indicating the only way back to life, made him, who had always been self-confident, feel hitherto unknown doubts floating up in his soul and agitating it more and more painfully until he could bear them no longer, and decided to dare the inevitable at once rather than await in torment the uncertainty of day. And again he rose to make the audacious attempt and with his groping steps to master the dangerous path. But hardly had he set foot in the darkness

(Continued on page 23)



"Alas! He Finds No Pierrette!"

— Drawn by Ralph Barton

The Quest of Pierrot

By Elias Lieberman

Wistful and pleading, white of face,
He watches the crowd — like a dream — pass by;
And now he pirouettes back a pace,
And now he stifles the ghost of a sigh.
But though, in the glare of the bluish light,
Myriads drift to an oubliette
Of vistas narrowing left and right,
He looks in vain for Pierrette.

Tender and yearning and half afraid,
Like a frightened fawn in a sudden shower
Which lightning dazes,
He treads the mazes
Of city streets,
Pauses — retreats —
Gazes amused at the burghers staid —
Stops to admire the beauty or dower
Fate has granted some winsome maid —
But ever he shakes his head, ah no!
There is only one for Pierrot.
And her — Pierrette —
In a lifetime span
Though the world forget,
He never can.

Finger on lip and saucer eyes,
He seeks in vain where violins,
Like prophets false of paradise,
Glorify man in his frailties and sins;
Midas is there with his touch of gold
And maidens, too, with smiles firm-set
That flash no mirth but leave one cold —
Alas! He finds no Pierrette.

Drooping, he stumbles to Thespis' mart
Where genius jingles the lilt of the times;
Or the times, perhaps, too crass for art,
Demand nepenthe from mummers and mimes.
He bows his head and weeps! What though
The swaying chorus dazzles — yet
No charm is there for Pierrot —
He can not find his Pierrette.

Night — the stars — a city park —
The shelter of boughs and a friendly seat —
He thinks of her in the murmuring dark,
Forgets his aches and his weary feet.
The world *will* move in its trivial way,
Will turn to dross its fume and fret
And lose its soul — but ah! one may
In dreams be ever with Pierrette.

"Bubble, Bubble—"

Christmas Spirit

Normally I am a mild-tempered, genial man. Nature, however, in one of her playful moods gave me a melancholy cast of features. Can I help it? All the year round it is rather an asset. At least the ladies seem to think so. They read huge disappointments into my life and consider me a romantic person. I even sigh profoundly once in a while to keep within the picture. I did that once at the Polo Grounds quite unconsciously when the Giants were winning. Enthusiastic rooters near me under the impression that I came from Brooklyn were about to pitch me into the press box when I explained to the burliest one that it was merely an unfortunate mannerism. Not understanding what I meant he thought I was mildly daffy and prevailed on the others to let me alone.

But this experience is nothing to what I am subjected to when Christmas approaches. I haven't under ordinary circumstances a single criminal thought against my fellow human beings but if the holiday season lasted much longer I know it would drive me to biting my friends.

The trouble is that each person who knows me, as soon as the Salvation Army puts its brigade of Santa Claus kettle inspectors to work, constitutes himself a propagandist of "good will to men." The result is I have no peace on earth. Every man of them seems to have read Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and to his frenzied vision and sensitive nerves I am the very image of unhappy Scrooge.

There's Cudlop, for instance.

"Cheer up, old man!" he shouts to me whenever he sees me; "haven't you got any Christmas spirit? There's plenty of room at the top. You'll get a raise soon." Now, as a matter of fact, I did get a raise and I have just been made general manager of my firm. And I know that Cudlop's firm considers him an incompetent salesman and hauls him over the coals frequently for inflated expense lists. But every time his bulk looms up in front of me he assails me with so much cheerfulness that for hours afterward I keep brooding over possible methods of doing him bodily injury.

Then there's Ryerson.

He is confirmed coffee fiend with a pasty complexion, no nerves to speak of and muscles about as firm as gelatine.

"Perk up, old boy," he wheezes while his hands do a St. Vitus dance. "Where's your Christmas spirit? You'll get your health back if you go about it right. System does it. I go through my calisthenic exercises for two minutes regularly every morning and there's nothing like it. It's doing me a world of good. Perk up. Christmas is no time for a grouch." He usually canters up near enough to slap me on the back and send a creepy feeling down my spine. Thoughts

of Ryerson impel me to kick my trash basket, even as I write this.

Perkins has a different strategic plan.

He tries to draw me out but quite obviously before he applies the balm:

"Been sick lately, old scout?" he begins.

"Why no."

"Any one in your family?"

"Not that I know of — although I can't vouch for my thirty-second cousin in Madagascar." I try irony although I realize how ineffective it is with a darkened mind like Perkins'.

"Huh, you're joking. Perhaps you think me too curious but it's almost Christmas, you know, and you look kind of flabbergasted, pale face, shadows around your eyes, wobbly gait. Are you sure nothing's the matter?"

"No, you undiluted jackass," I groan, although I know full well that is is not customary for jackasses to be kept in solution either strong or weak. "No, a thousand time no!" Theatrical stuff, I admit, but the only way to impress an attenuated intellect like that of Perkins.

He gives me an injured glance as I turn on my heel, is about to restate his reasons for inquiring, but I am off, walking away from the place I am bound for, but glad to escape at any expense.

By the time Glover sees me — he's a retired pugilist and trainer who conducts a gymnasium next door for run-down business men — I am in no fit state of mind to give him even a courteous greeting. I therefore pretend to pass by him as if my mind were

(Continued on page 24)



The Poor Kids' Santa Claus

The Man Who Saved Russia

A middle-aged man entered in shabby clothes and crumpled collar; his features were of the ordinary type: low forehead, fleshy nose, beard and moustache — like most Russians. His small, shifty eyes had a half depressed and half sly expression.

"You are from Russia, aren't you? I inquired.

"Yes, I'm a Russian. I came to the United States only a few days ago."

"On business, I presume?" I continued, questioning him.

"No," answered my visitor, "I escaped from Russia. I shall never go back there."

"Political reasons?" I asked cautiously.

"No. Why?" he replied, "I'm a man of conservative temperament, rather sedate. I'm no revolutionary. How could I be, at my age? No. I left Russia because of rank injustice."

"Because of what?"

"Because of injustice. Because they did not show enough respect for me. I couldn't bear it. I felt offended."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but what do you demand respect for?"

He fixed his ferret eyes on me, frowned, and said:

"What for? Why, I saved Russia."

I thought I had to do with a lunatic and was about to ring for help.

"What is your name, please?" I asked him meanwhile.

"Michailov; Piotr Michailov. You've never heard it? Well, but I saved Russia just the same. The papers don't say a word about it, the government does not award me any medals, the magazines don't print my portraits. There is a conspiracy of silence. It's a shame!"

"But how did you . . . save Russia?" I faltered, still wondering.

"I may as well tell you," began my queer visitor, "that I am a contractor. I've been twenty years in the business. My specialty was constructing roads for the government — highways, military roads, bridges, viaducts. I myself am no engineer. I used to take on contracts. For the consideration of such and such a sum I agreed to complete the work on such and such a date. Yes, and I would begin work — hire laborers, excavate, erect, transport paving stones. Finally a commission of government engineers would come to inspect the road and accept the contract. Nothing to it. And that's how I saved Russia."

"I don't understand you."

"You don't? Why, I constructed all the roads along the Western frontier in Poland and in South Russia. Just in the places where the Germans and Austrians are now unable to budge forward. It is all my work, all my roads. I have been constructing them for over twenty years. No, in vain are all Herr von Hindenburg's efforts: he can't make any headway along my roads!"

"Why not?"

"Why not!" he blustered. "Because the roads are good for nothing." He looked at me serenely. "They're mud all the way

(Continued on page 26)

THE CONSUMER FAMILY

By
BERTON BRALEY

Illustrated by
MERLE JOHNSON

The Family Practices Self-Denial

"Well, now that it's getting along so close to New Year's," the wife of the Ultimate Consumer suggested, "I suppose we ought to begin making resolutions. What are you going to give up, this new year, father?"



The Ultimate consumer snorted loudly. "Give up? Give up?" he repeated, "What else have I done for the last month? I've given up to the ash-man and I've given up to the grocer's boy, and I've given up to the office boy and the janitor and the elevator man—in fact, I've given up until everytime anybody says 'Merry Christmas' or 'Happy New Year' to me I reach into my change pocket. On my way home to-night I stopped in at one of the toy shops just to look at the stuff they had on sale, and I found myself putting ten cents into a toy saving's bank that had a 'Merry Christmas' sign on it. And when I came to and a salesman extracted the coin for me, I gave it to him and said 'Merry Christmas.' He took it. Give up? It's my Christian name."

"No," said his wife, "I don't mean that. I mean what are you going to give up doing, what bad habit are you going to eliminate this new year? There's cigars for instance; they're bad for your heart and —"

"Aside from the fact," said the Ultimate Consumer, "that I haven't felt able to afford a cigar for two months, and that I haven't

bought a drink in three, and that I've given up buying new suits until, with a little polishing, I could use the old one for a mirror—aside from these matters what would you suggest for me to give up?"

"I've just been reading," placidly replied his wife, "that people really overeat, and the author gives some perfectly wonderful instances of people who have been saved from a lingering death by eliminating a meal. Now, I've noticed you haven't been looking awfully well lately, and I thought it would be wonderful if you would try going without lunch. The author says —"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," agreed the Ultimate Consumer, "we'll just go that there author two better. If it's a good stunt to cut out lunch, we'll can dinner and cut breakfast, thus doing away with the ills of overeating at one swell foop." He paused a moment, "Overeating!" he exclaimed, a light of longing in his eyes, "Overeating! Luscious word! Gee, how I'd like to overeat again! But you mustn't make me laugh by mentioning it now. How can a man on \$37.50 per week — and three kids — overeat with eggs at eighty cents, butter at fifty, potatoes nine dollars a pound and et cetera? So we will eliminate eliminating my lunch. We might, however, begin by eliminating the washwoman and having you do the work your —"

"What!" shrieked his wife, "you'd make me break my back over a washtub when —"

"Well," the Ultimate Consumer pointed out, "I've been reading a beauty specialist who says that bending over a washboard is

fine for the figure, complexion, fingernails and general health. So I thought —"

"I suppose," his wife said bitterly, "that you begrudge me every moment of rest I have. You wouldn't care if I never got any leisure, and you'd even take the dime away that I spend on the movies once a month or so and use it to tip the waiter for your lunch. That's a man, always."

"As to clothes and such things, it's positively shameful the way I've had to wear one suit and one dress, and you know I've stopped ever going in to matinees and I'm not playing bridge or going to teas any more, because if you go to other people's houses you have to have them at yours once in a while and that costs money — I don't see what I could give up for New Year's that I haven't already."

"All right, all right," conceded the Ultimate Consumer, "I didn't start the discussion. It'll have to be the children who give up. We'll put it up to them, because it ain't decent or proper for any family not to give up something for New Year's."

"Henry," he turned to his eighteen year old son, "what are you going to give up for nineteen seventeen?"

"Pop," said that offspring, earnestly, "I don't see where there's anything more for me to chop. I've put the kibosh on cigarettes, I've laid off lunches except for an apple and a sandwich and a glass of milk. I don't bowl any more, and the only reason I can play pool is that my friends aren't so good at it as I am. Honest, Pop, I'd like to help out, but unless I give up the business college there's nothing left."

"You don't give up the school?" said his father, positively. "You'll need it. Only I think you better add a course in double entry bookkeeping as well as stenography, because you need something like that just to keep track of the high cost of living."

"As for Agnes and Charles," declared the Ultimate Consumer's wife, "they've just had to give up their weekly spending money and Agnes has given up her piano lessons, and Charles has the same flannels he's had

(Continued on page 26)





-BRYAN "HE IS
SUCH A NICE LI'L
FELLER TO ADOPT
AUNTIE DEMOCRACY"

WAR!
"ADVANCE,
FRIEND"



Drawn by W. C. Morris

At Home and Abroad



PLAYS AND PLAYERS BY ALAN DALE

"Then to the well-trod Stage . . ."

Miss Laurette Taylor returned to us from abroad with a message. No, it had nothing to do with wounded soldiers, or with our passionate neutrality. It concerned itself with *LIFE*—a topic very dear to actresses. Miss Taylor apparently longed to set us right, to wean us from our well-meaning errors, and to teach us. That was exactly it—to teach us!

In "*The Harp of Life*," attuned to her delicate touch by J. Hartley Manners, Miss Taylor played the rôle of a feminine person, who was never a *LADY* but always a *WOMAN*. And as we know so little about women in this country, she told us a great deal.

The subtle topic of sex (and please do not say that it isn't subtle) was her graceful theme. The business of the "stork" was ruthlessly demolished. When her boy asked her questions, it seemed, she told him the truth about the mystery of life, and left the other duties to his father, who of course, shirked them. And then Miss Taylor daintily discussed the matter of chivalry to women. If men only knew! If they realized the delicate organism that is woman's (also lady's, I presume) they would never allow the weaker sex to stand up in street cars!

That was a mission for you. There we all sat, right in the very midst of New York's most horribly rampant lobsterization, and Miss Taylor told us all those sweet things that we ignored. It was so educational, so deliciously instructive, and withal so intensely vital, that we all left the Globe Theatre better men and ladies.

It taught me! On my way home, I gave up my seat in a most democratic car to two women, and watched them fight for it, as only ladies can. "*The Harp of Life*" certainly touched my strings!

Seriously, and putting aside its officiously educational qualities, Miss Laurette Taylor's new play seemed to me infinitely more alluring than "*Peg o' My Heart*." It had not only charm and distinction, but it possessed literary value. For two acts at least, it held one in a grip, and without the aid of "plot." That occurred in the final act, when Miss Taylor as "mother" gently vice-versaed "*Camille*," and went to the scarlet woman—who was a purple one in this case—to plead for her boy. This scene did not quite escape bathos.

When the courtesan gracefully gave up the lad, and murmured to the departing mother: "You will be kind to Leonard, won't you?" the whiff of bathos was scented.

Laurette Taylor herself is exquisite. I am not surprised at her vogue abroad, for her personality is internationally lovely. She is neither American, nor English. She is universal. There is no actress before the public to-day who is so affably appealing. The art of pause, the strange quality of drawl, and the peculiar effect of intonation were luminously displayed. Occasionally I thought of Sarah Bernhardt's famous *voix d'or* as I listened to Miss Taylor's speech. The English language as she delivered it, was as joy. You may have the message contained in "*The Harp of Life*"—you may have it all—but please leave me Laurette Taylor, and please let me gloat over the fact that many years ago—not too many of course—when a very awful play called "*Mrs. Dakon*" was reluctantly matined in New York, I apparently discovered Miss Taylor, and asserted that she was so natural, so unaffected, and so simple, that she should be immediately derrickd from her gloomy surroundings. Oh, let me gloat!

Miss Anna Held wore tights in "*Follow Me*" at the Casino. You may sniff contemptuously at the triviality of that remark, but I advise you *not* to do it. The fact that Miss Anna Held wore tights, is most important. For at least twenty years—it seems ungallant to be so precise, but it is necessary—Miss Held has gambolled and frolicked in our jocund midst, in quite respectable long clothes.

And now at the very climax of her "career," she not only wears tights—BUT she is able to do so innocuously. Is there not something pungently and startlingly audacious in this? Does it not seem positively defiant?

Miss Held certainly knew how to manage her clothes. To manage a theatre, or a production, or a cast of refractory actors is easy, but to manage clothes—and such clothes!—denotes the master mind. Miss Held must possess that. Not only did she change her raiment about every five minutes, but each new gown seemed to be heavier, more complicated, and more and more cryptic than its predecessor. Many a woman would have sunk to the ground, overcome by such an avalanche of clothes. But not Miss Held. She literally *Anna-Held* her own, and even contrived to smile in the very face of her sartorial anguish.

(Continued on page 22)





VOL. LXXX

No. 2077



WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23, 1916

Giving Light to Liberty

AT the celebration of the illumination of the Statue of Liberty, brought about through the enterprise and public-spiritedness of The New York World, President Wilson contributed the striking climax to a splendid and dramatic event.

President Wilson usually says the right thing at the right time. His utterances are not only dignified and effective but also daring and powerful, full of deep significance. He is unquestionably America's most brilliant public speaker today. No matter who speaks before or after him, President Wilson always strikes a higher and nobler note, creating the profoundest impression.

Referring to the illumination of the Statue of Liberty the President said:

"There is a great responsibility in having adopted Liberty as our ideal, because we must illustrate it in what we do. . . Throughout the last two years there has come more and more into my heart the conviction that peace is going to come to the world only with Liberty.

"With all due and sincere respect for those who represent other forms of government than ours, perhaps I may be permitted to say that peace cannot come so long as the destinies of men are determined by small groups who make selfish choices of their own.

"Sometimes when I see the Statue of Liberty and think of the thrill that must come into some hopeful heart as for the first time an immigrant sees that statue and thinks that he knows what it means, I wonder if, after he lands, he finds the spirit of Liberty truly represented by us? I wonder if we are worthy of that symbol; I wonder if we are sufficiently stirred by the history of it, by the history of what it means; I wonder if we remember the sacrifices, the mutual concessions, the righteous yielding of selfish right that is dignified by the word and the conception of Liberty?

"I wonder if we all wish to accord equal rights to all men, and so it is profitable that occasions like this should be frequently repeated, and that we should remind ourselves of what sort of image we have promised to be; for the world is enlightened, my fellow-citizens, by ideals, by ideas. The spirit of the world rises with the sacrifices of men, the spirit of the world rises as men forget to be selfish and unite to be great. This, to repeat that beautiful phrase of Lincoln in his Gettysburg address, is not a time for self-adulation, but a time for rededication. Let us determine that the light that shines out of our lives upon the uplifted image of Liberty shall be a light pure and without reproach."

The President has interpreted in this brief speech the symbol represented by the Statue of Liberty as a great American sees it. Only America, the leading neutral country in the world, can indulge at this time in such humanitarian celebrations as the illumination of the liberty statue. While the rulers of the unfortunate nations are concerned with warfare and destruction, directing their prayers and their guns against the "enemy," the President of the United States gives light to Liberty. He has made clear his conception of lasting peace which can come only with liberty, with democracy, when the destinies of men will be determined by the people themselves and not by small groups prompted by selfish motives.

President Wilson is regarded throughout the world as the only leader of a great nation whose efforts in behalf of peace will end this war. His analysis of peace through liberty is thus more than a beautiful thought. It is far-reaching and significant, crystalizing the sentiment for peace.

The other thought which the President expressed so beautifully in connection with the Statue of Liberty is contained in his question whether the immigrant, reaching these shores, finds the spirit of liberty truly represented in America. His deep concern that the new Americans should find the older Americans worthy of the immigrants' dreams and conceptions of a free people is one of the noblest characteristics of our great President.

It is also symbolic that the illumination of the Statue of Liberty was made possible through the efforts of the worthy son of an immigrant who became one of the most illustrious Americans — Joseph Pulitzer.

"Dear Oliver"

IN the arrest of the man who is purported to be the genuine "Oliver Osborne," the greatest flirt and deceiver of his time, PUCK has had an instance of how reality can dispossess fiction. Also, of how long the long arm of coincidence sometimes can be.

A number of weeks ago — six, to be exact — PUCK had a number of articles prepared by an imaginary "Oliver," presenting that famous character as he would no doubt have liked to be presented. PUCK'S motives in this matter were entirely educational. It was desirous that the American public should get an insight into the tender soul of a character who has mystified it during the last two years.

Monday morning, December 4, arrived on schedule time, and, lo and behold! — on the same stands displaying the issue of PUCK with the "Oliver" announcement were the newspapers telling of "Oliver's" arrest in Chicago! Was ever coincidence more striking?

To add to it all, the issue of PUCK for the following week had already been printed, and included was "Oliver's" article about his sweet and romantic childhood, beginning with the statement, "I am a hunted individual," and ending up with a promise of further outpourings of his wounded heart, poor soul!

No, "Oliver" will no longer pour out his heart in the columns of PUCK. We can safely and more accurately leave this gay deceiver to the daily newspapers. Let him, his ideals, be hashed up to make a lurid feast for Sunday readers.

PUCK believes, however, that "Oliver" will go down into history, and that the future will associate "Dear Oliver" with all gay deceivers, just as the present associates Munchausen with all colossal liars and Dr. Cook with people who try to tell things to the King of Denmark.

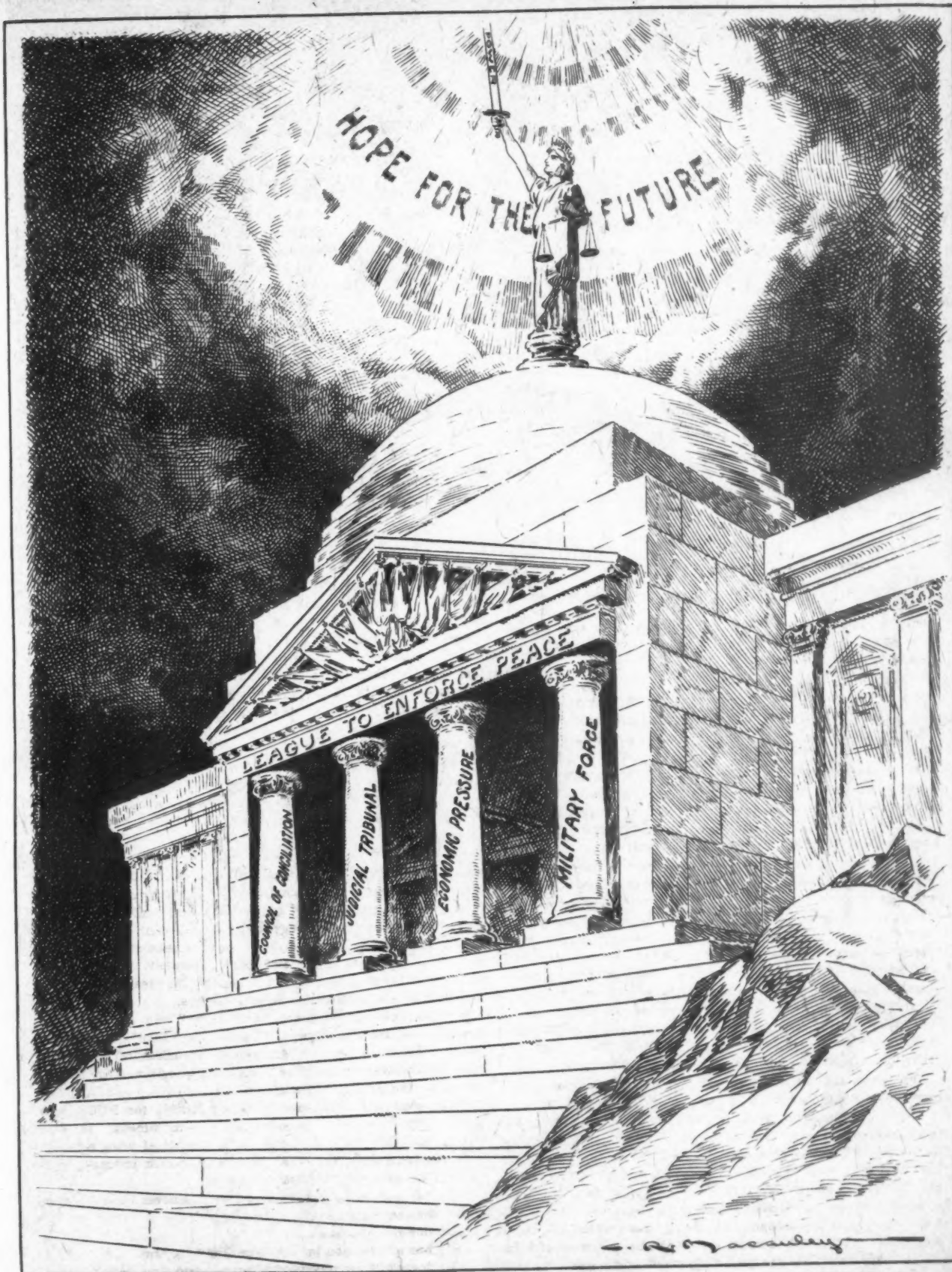
The man who wrote the "Oliver" articles for PUCK was selected for the task because of his peculiar fitness. He had insight into Oliver's soul because he is capable of being as great a rogue himself. These are the things which influence him against following in "Oliver's" footsteps:

He has a wife and family — and he will never leave his wife while she makes such glorious pudding!

He doesn't like aliases.

He has an aversion for the social life in prisons.

He doesn't like to travel out of town — and a man like "Oliver" has to do a great deal of travelling to keep out of the law's grasp.



—Drawn by C. R. Macauley

A Fitting Memorial

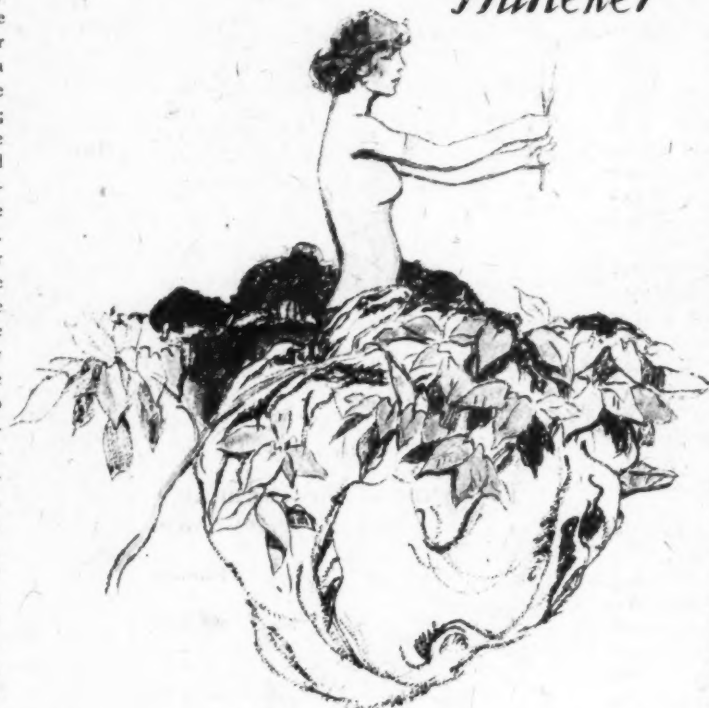
Three Photographs

I began writing about the opera this morning, but during an idle moment I happened to look at three photographs on my desk. Then I forgot music and fell to musing. (Writers "muse" where plain folks just loaf). Three pictures stand on my desk. One is Eleanora Duse, taken at Genoa twenty years ago; one is Julia Marlowe—in the springtide of her loveliness; the third is Alla Nazimova. The first is the Mater Dolorosa of the drama; imprinted on her face is the suffering of the finely organized modern woman, for whom existence is like a wound—the woman all heart, all nerves. Julia Marlowe has a happier balanced temperament. She is poetic, she is sane. The publication of her rare voice is her destiny, that mellow musical speech of hers in the accents of which there is no spoor of our shabby, provincial nasal inflection. An excellent thing in woman, the absence of this mean, lean larynx. Her voice is not as poignant as Duse's, but it is expressive, moving, charming—like her personality. The American stage is poorer without her gracious presence. Julia Marlowe is a belated Elizabethan who strayed into the nineteenth century. But she doesn't look her lyric age. Nazimova, the Nazimova of a decade ago, stands before us the epitome of the Slavic-Semitic in dramatic art. She is a tiger cat in the leash of her temperament. A hundred nuances are at her call; she plays on her nerves as does a violinist on his four strings. She vibrates, she rages, she is cruel, sleek, subtle, seldom tender. These three women whose pictures stand on my desk (this is the third and last time I tell you this) are foreign-born (news from nowhere); Italy, England, Russia. They are, all three, un-American in their Art, in their outward appearance. Yet they might have been born here and accepted as American types; so cosmopolitan is our country.

Gentle Ghosts I recall an afternoon at Auteuil, near Paris, a decade ago, where I met some superannuated ladies and gentlemen, residents in one of those benevolent foundations with which the French know so well how to cloak offensive charity. (If I remember, it was the "Fondation Perier," but that is negligible). The company was mainly of noble origin, though decayed because of fortune's ill-favor. Among the rest was a Marquise, a Polish-born dame, with brilliant eyes and white hair. She wore regal, but well-worn, clothes. For me, she sang Chopin's "Maiden's Wish" in a sweet, quavering and true voice that brought tears to the eyes. Even Marcella Sembrich, who sings exquisitely this tiny mazurka, would have been affected. The Marquise then tinkled with a still small touch a Field nocturne, upon a pianoforte whose ivory keys looked as if they could exhale yellow sighs. She coquetted gently with a touch of Sarmatian evasiveness. For me she was adorable, though if she had laughed, her face would have cracked like "Hille Bobbe's" in the Metropolitan Museum (and not by Rembrandt, only a copy of the original). Yet she was fascinating, this Diane de Poitiers of the twentieth century. What wit, fire, malice, in the glance of her faded blue eyes. What a magically youthful heart she had. She must have been eighty. But yet a woman.

The Seven Arts

by James Huneker



In America, a woman's heart grows old before her waist. Here we have no old women; our grandmothers wear short skirts and skip like girls. And there you are! as that master metaphysician of fiction, Henry James, so often remarks.

The American Is there an American Type

American type of beauty? The question has been often asked, though seldom accorded a satisfactory answer. I dare not make another attempt, and for several reasons; the principal one being an inability to comprehend the meaning of "type." This is not a pedantic quibble; rather a disbelief in the existence of "types." Old Flaubert swore when anyone spoke of synonyms. "There are no synonyms," he grumbled. He was right. There are no synonyms. There are no replicas, there are no types. When we say of a woman that she is of a certain type of beauty we are adopting the formula of the lazy-minded. No two persons are alike; yet as a short cut we speak of a racial type. It is a method of scientific stenography, perhaps invaluable to the ethnographer who deals in broad groupings of the human herd, but misleading

for those of us who see in each soul a distinct cosmos. When you say "American type" you further complicate the question; and admitting that there is such a type, how hopeless to search for it in the whirlpool of nationalities boiling all over our continent. In Europe the American woman is at once recognized, because of her gowns and her good looks. Yet, there are in America at least two or three women who are neither "stylish" nor beautiful. (I flee to Canada before this dynamic admission is printed. Why? Ask Dad. He knows). What is she, this American type? Is she a product of Kentucky, or must she hail from Baltimore? Does Chicago send her across the waters to dazzle British peers, or has New York this monopoly? Possibly the girl of the golden west. Perhaps the cerebral beauty of New England—though brains and beauty are seldom harnessed. But this fumbling attempt at a classification is a sure sign of masculine weakness. The man who hesitates in declaring his preference is lost. Either we view with suspicion his judgments, or else reject them outright. Consider, then, the present writer, with a merciful, even pitying eye. I can swear that for me there are no ugly girls; some are prettier than others. (This epigram was first uttered in praise of firewater). Therefore, he is precisely the sort of man who should not write about feminine types. There are no feminine types. Each woman is an individual entity. We did not have to wait for Max Stirner to apprise us of this platitude. To disentangle the swarm of races is a heavy enough task, without accounting for the innumerable specimens of girls, that fire the blood and brains of our young men.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

When Greek meets Greek there are generally some of the Allies present to break up the meeting.

Information for the Greeks: War is Hellas.



By Benjamin De Casseres

Talk

It has been calculated by an eccentric statistician that twenty-four million words are used every night in the New York cafés in Just Talk. Almost everybody talks after seven P. M. Before that we listen to a boss.

The universe is a chemical laboratory, and in the hidden crucibles of Nature herself are kept the secrets of the universal transmutation of substances. We know she has the secret, for we have seen her turn rain into snow and fog into light. Now, what does she do with the twenty-four million words, sheathed in their caloric breaths and pumped out of the lungs, after they are free of the tongue and are through beating the tympanums roundabout?

It is high time that Science took up this important matter. These words which make up this Talk are forces which cannot die, are set in motion thoughtlessly, and must, in the natural order, transmute into something or other. Do they finally agglomerate and coagulate in vast masses in the upper strata of the atmosphere in which the Earth bathes, and leap into space as comets? The gaseous theory of comets would lead one to believe in this hypothesis. Or do they burrow into the earth, causing earthquakes, seismic tremors and waterspouts, phenomena of which we know so little the origins?

It is a coincidence that has been noted by every physicist since the time of Thales that sunspots — known to be solar hurricanes caused by some external commotion — appear just after political campaigns and popular agitations.

Talk also has great therapeutic values. If you are sleepy it will keep you awake; if wakeful, it will put you to sleep. But what becomes of all the words?

Fourth Dimension's Coming!

A book just issued tell us that we are on the eve of the Fourth Dimension. All the "facts" of the three dimensions we have been living in will pass away like the fabric of an unsubstantial nightmare and leave not one war or trolley car behind. The discovery of radium, the X-ray, the Higher Mechanics, the discoveries in the realm of the occult, Christian Science, the Great War, with its concomitant readjustment of all social and religious values — these are a few of the facts on which the writer bases his theory of the New Dispensation.

A higgledy-piggledy world, we imagine — that Fourth Dimension, especially in its

practical or pragmatic implications. Peace and marriage will be crimes; violence and theft will be virtues. No debt will be paid, under penalty of the law, and the tariff will cease from troubling and Billy Sunday be at rest.

By 1925 the astronomers had counted approximately 15,000,000 new fixed stars. And some there were who said these stars were not stars at all, but were illusions of refraction, etheric photographs of the eyes of the, approximately, 15,000,000 beings who had fallen on the battlefields of the Great War.

Epigrams of the Illuminati

A man is known by the cigarettes he smokes.

Don't be serious at a dinner; it's bad form.

Keep smiling or the "bunch" will think you are going to make a touch.

To be seen on Sixth Avenue is like telling your income to the landlady.

Spontaneous enthusiasm draws the bolts of irony.

Stone Face has an income; Facial Mobility is always in debt to him.

A waiter that thanks you for a tip should be watched.

If the work of our literary censors continues every child will soon know Boccaccio and the "Heptameron" unexpurgated.



"Well, how's my patient this morning?"
"I hate to worry you, Doc, but I feel pretty good this morning."

Their Redemption

And I saw upon Mont Blanc, the neutral peak,
Two tremendous figures who towered to the stars.

One wore upon his head a turban made of
the entrails of seven nations

And his breast, swart and hairy, was a wall
wherefrom dangled a million skulls.

He looked upon our Europe, and the massed
thunders of his eye

Were translated into blazing, laughing
ironyms.

He was Attila the Hun.

The other, gorgeous in his Oriental satanism,
Who looked as though he had tumbled out
of the sun,

Whose eyes were two soaring venomous lights

That played upon space like the eyes of the
Apocalyptic Beast,

Was Genghis Khan, who hated the stars
because they were not his private
shambles.

He looked upon Modernity and its triumphant
carnival of death,

And upon Space he spilled a guffaw that
shook to its sockets the Law of Gravi-
tation.

They passed, those ancient wraiths of
Carnage,

With a sneer more terrible than the sneer of
new-born babes —

Passed forever beyond the sight of our
connoisseurs of vengeance

Into newer heavens swept by newer gods,
Cleansed and Justified.

LILITH: What a savory odor from Earth,
my dear Satan! What dish are you cooking
for us down here?

SATAN: As chef to the lost, it will be my
master dish. It is called Homo à la Nero.

Restorations

By Arthur Brooks Baker

The great and skilled geologist, the elevated highbrow, can reconstruct a glyptodon from less than half an eyebrow. He digs a fossil wisdom tooth from geologic gravel and builds a mastodon at which no critic dares to cavi. He finds a funny footprint in a sub-cretaceous level, and makes a beast who bears a smart resemblance to the devil.

I saw a dainty hairpin on the sidewalk as I passed it, where some distressing accident had evidently cast it: I took it home and labored with endeavors superhuman to make by scientific means, a marriageable woman; but all my noble efforts were so void and unavailing, that I could but express my grief in pitiable wailing.

I found a shining quarter where the former owner dropped it, and as it twinkled on the ground I resolutely copped it. "Behold," said I, "some great experiments shall be conducted, and we shall have a large estate completely reconstructed." But though I've worked for many years, it seems success will never reward my great persistence in this laudable endeavor.

The Untutored Savage

A Fijian Tragedy in Two Acts

By K. L. Roberts

THE TIME: Next April.

THE PLACE: A Forest on the island of Viti Levu, in the Fiji Archipelago.

THE PERSONS:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. A faunal naturalist
BUNKOMBAU. A Fijian chief
LUMBAGAO. A Fijian entomologist
TURNOVA. A Fijian ornithologist
WAAWOW. A Fijian zoologist
MBULLO. A Fijian interpreter

ACT I

MBULLO (*entering on the run, with his grass ballet skirt badly frayed and his ears flapping excitedly*): His Nibs comes! The great white chief comes! Here is your chance, Oh Bunkombau! Tell this great chief something new, and he will immortalize your name in his writings!

BUNKOMBAU (*removing the curl-papers from his mop of hair and placing a stove-pipe hat of the vintage of 1863 on his head*): Leave it to me, Mbullo! We have been sitting up all night inventing astounding facts to tell the great white chief. When he has heard them, his amazement will be such that his mustache will interfere with his eyebrows.

MBULLO (*admiringly*): Great stuff, Oh chief!

BUNKOMBAU (*complacently*): Hast thou, Oh, Lumbagao, prepared the tale of the Fijian cocoonut-wasp that obtains the cocoonut milk by stinging the cocoonut until it swells up in pain and bursts open?

LUMBAGAO: Hast, most noble chief.

BUNKOMBAU: I guess that will hold him for a while! And hast thou, good Turnova, perfected the details of the story regarding the strange Fijian Lmwiffet bird, that stops so suddenly in his flight at the sight of his reflection in a rain-drop that he frequently turns himself inside out?

TURNOVA: Even so, mighty chief!

BUNKOMBAU: Believe me, he'll have to go some if he wants to beat that! And thou, Waaow, hast thou memorized the astounding tale of the Fijian Djumble, that changes its complexion so rapidly that smaller animals are dazzled by the spectacle, and thus fall an easy prey to it?

WAAWOW: Yea, Oh master: I have done that little thing.

BUNKOMBAU (*proudly*): These tales will give the great white chief something to think about, or my name is Mud! Bring on His Nibs!

(*The TOM-TOMS render a form of the hula-hula, and a plaintive cannibal melody sweeps through the heavy undergrowth, causing the ripe bananas to fall to the ground with dull, sickening thuds.*)

ACT II

(*Amid the cheers of the assembled Fijians, THEODORE ROOSEVELT strides briskly into the glade with his teeth gleaming in the sunlight. Grasping BUNKOMBAU by the hand, he squeezes it violently. Then, while BUNKOMBAU picks his fingers apart, ROOSEVELT turns to the*

assembled multitude of Fijians and addresses them in their own tongue and a squeaky voice.)

ROOSEVELT: It is a great pleasure for me to be with you, my good friends. Your little islands are very beautiful. The formation of the larger islands is volcanic, their surface rugged, and their vegetation luxuriant. The principal mountain ranges are composed of igneous rock. Slight earthquake shocks are occasionally felt. Heavy gales are frequent in February and March, and hurricanes sometimes occur, whereas the hurricanes in my country usually occur on an early Tuesday in November. The United States and the Fiji Islands have much in common. For example, the sun rises in the morning here, just as it does with us; and our nights are dark, just as are yours. If you visit the United States, come to Oyster Bay and see me. I will introduce you to my friend Cabot Lodge. You would enjoy meeting him. A delightful fellow! (*He clicks his teeth together ferociously and sits down.*)

(*The audience bursts into wild applause, amidst which may be distinguished such remarks as "How true his words are!" and "What a depth of insight that guy has got!"*)

BUNKOMBAU (*diffidently*): Most noble highness, one of our distinguished entomologists, Lumbagao by name, has discovered an insect —

ROOSEVELT (*leaping to his feet and shaking his finger in the audience's face*): That reminds me! I have discovered a new beetle on your island. I have named it the Fazper beetle because I like the name. Nobody except myself has ever seen it. It has four long hairs on the end of its nose.

(*LUMBAGAO moans weakly and falls in a fit.*)

ROOSEVELT: I have also discovered a strange bird which I have named the Askel bird because everyone will have to ask me about it to find out anything. The Askel bird is very fond of fish, but is so slow in its movements that it would normally be unable to get any unless it had free access to a fish market. It overcomes this handicap by hovering over a pond and revolving its right eye in its socket. A number of fish swim up to examine this phenomenon, but soon become so dizzy at the eye's rapid revolutions that they are unable to swim down. The Askel thereupon picks them up at his leisure.

(*TURNOVA, the Fijian ornithologist, at this point swoons with great enthusiasm, creating a momentary diversion.*)

ROOSEVELT (*continuing*): And I am sure that you will be interested in my discovery of the short-furred wombat, which sleeps for three years out of every four, just like some Republicans I know.

(*WAAWOW the zoologist falls down in a faint.*) But I see that the hour is growing late; and since I have an appointment in half an hour to make an address to some of your countrymen thirty miles down the trail, I think I'd better run along. Good-bye! A delightful country! Charming people! Bully! (*ROOSEVELT exits briskly, showing his teeth to all.*)

BUNKOMBAU (*staggering to his feet weakly*): I feel unwell. I am surrounded by dead ones! The great white chief will not immortalize me in his writings, because my naturalists are rotten inventors. Heat up the sacrificial kettles! We may as well revert to cannibalism and have some naturalist stew for supper!

(*With a malevolent gleam in his eye, he strops his carving-knife on the sole of his foot, and superintends the removal of LUMBAGAO, TURNOVA and WAAWOW. The tom-toms increase the tempo of the cannibal melody, and the sound of rapidly falling bananas conveys an atmosphere of impending doom.*)

DARK BROWN CURTAIN



SANTA: "I'm afraid I'll have to get stronger glasses; I can hardly see these thin stockings the girls are wearing nowadays!"

Drawn by Hal Burrows



CHRISTMAS EVE

—Drawn by R. Van Buren

The Model

An artist found a model face upon a model girl. Each model ear was covered with a highly model curl. She held her model hands upon her neat and model hips, and wore a model smile upon her red and model lips. The artist drew a figure with a model dollar sign; the model lady grasped it and asserted "I am thine."

He drew her for the cover of a thousand magazines. He pictured her in palace halls and rustic rural scenes. He limned her as a courtesan, he used her as a saint; he ground her out in charcoal and he spattered her in paint. He pencilled her a dowager, a school girl and a bride; he worked from every angle and he drew from every side.

The consequence was flatteringly flavored with finance, with mural decorations for the thoughtful artist's pants. But ah, the dainty model whom the world so much admired, turned up her pretty model toes and peacefully expired; and as the doctors felt her wrist and tested her for breath, their verdict was unanimous—he'd drawn the girl to death.

Arthur Brooks Baker

Once Was Enough

"What do you think of the burly brute who would go away, on a bitter cold morning, and leave his wife to build a fire in the furnace?" asked Mrs. Lerret.

"That is something I've never told anybody but my husband," laughed Mrs. Yaddiloh. "And I had to tell him only once."

Justified

THE REPORTER: "Why did you kill my story? I thought it was a good one."

THE EDITOR: "The good die young."

Butter and eggs, if it keeps on, will be purchasable only at the exclusive Fifth Avenue shops.

Undoubtedly it is a crazy idea, but if white paper is so expensive why don't the newspapers cut down the size of their headlines?

The second anniversary of England's decision to give Constantinople to Russia is about ready to be celebrated.

These are the days when department store girls begin to learn the meaning of counter-attacks.

The Habit

By Berton Braley

Millarkey purchased a gramophone
At a dollar down and a dollar-a-week.

Said he, "It's the easiest graft I've known,

This dollar down and a dollar-a-week."

So he bought him a rug and a fountain pen

And a leather chair and a desk, and then

A set of "Lives of Our Famous Men",
At a dollar down and a dollar-a-week.

Then he bought a hat and a suit and shoes,

At a dollar down and a dollar-a-week.

And he joined a club where he paid his dues

With a dollar down and a dollar-a-week.

And he got a ring which was fair to see,
For the lily hand of his bride-to-be,
And he married, and paid the minister's fee,

With a dollar down and a dollar-a-week.

When the babies came, the doctors got

A dollar down and a dollar-a-week.

And Millarkey clothed and fed each tot,

For a dollar down and a dollar-a-week.

So, week by week he lived, until
A ripe old age. Then he died; but still

His widow's paying the funeral bill
At a dollar down and a dollar-a-week.



"Yes, Aunt; John is so careless of his appearance. His buttons are always coming off."
"But perhaps they aren't—eh—sewed on properly."
"That's just it. John is so careless with his sewing."

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

The West Dies Hard

Jake Bollinger had quite an experience when in Aberdeen last Thursday and by a fine display of nerve routed about 15 or 20 armed "hoboes" and saved \$40 in money which he had on his person. About 7 o'clock that evening he was walking past the Rumley building when 15 or 20 armed men with revolvers rushed out and ordered him to throw up his hands. He had a revolver in his overcoat and as he raised his hands the gun raised too. It was too much for the would-be hold-up men and they scattered in every direction while Jake went back up town and reported to the police.

— *The Bowdle (S. D.) Pioneer.*

An Obliging Man

For the first time in his life the pastor was on Sunday night interrupted in his sermon by an appeal to come as soon as possible and minister to the dying. Needless to say he responded gladly to the appeal. His regret is that the calls are not more frequent.

— *The Newbury (Mo.) Recorder.*

The Spread of Prohibition

WANTED—Lady cook; one that does not get drunk. 904 North Fifth street

— *The Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.*

The Higher Criticism

A Mr. Harry Oliver Hirt was down on the program as a pianist. He performed.

— *The Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Republican.*

A Chance For A Live Man

George Conant left Wednesday for Van Leer, Ky., where he has a position with an engineering corps.

— *The Pineville (Ky.) Citizen.*

The Frequent Visitor

Lewis Scrimshire is visiting Willow quite often. We think he has an eye on something.

— *The Tri-County (Ark.) Advocate.*

News Indeed!

The Guilford Center correspondent in last week's issue seemed to be in an awful hurry to get your correspondent (N. G. Emig) out of the neighborhood. If I would have to leave on the 11th, it would almost take my breath away. I expect to vacate Dec. 7. As for taking a much needed rest, the situation looks dubious, as work looms up ahead greater than ever.

— *The Medina County (O.) Gazette.*

A Pleasant Time Was Had

The Aid met with Mrs. Briggs on Tuesday. A good attendance was present. We enjoyed several guests.

— *The Burlingame (Kan.) Enterprise.*

Why Men Go To The City

When in the city make your headquarters at N. H. Welsh's Livery Barn, 115 South Center.

— *Adv. in the Springfield (O.) News.*

A Chance For Diplomacy

Miss Pherbe Lowe is troubled with two beaux on the same party line.

— *The Larned (Kan.) Tiller and Toiler.*

Deposited

Miss Osa Penny, one of the secretaries of the Greater Dayton Association, will leave that institution November 1, to take a position with the First Savings and Banking Company.

— *The Dayton (O.) Herald.*

What Sort Of A Club Is This?

On account of the bath and waterworks being out of commission Mrs. Sahl will not be able to entertain the club.

— *The Vermilion (O.) News.*

We Trust He Recovers

Dr. M. C. Burnett is having the dust drilled out of the bottom of his well.

— *The Conway (Ark.) Log Cabin Democrat.*



"I've looked all through Poe's works but I can't find that gold bug!"

A Diamond In The Rough

Friends of Miss Frances Millikan, formerly of Braceville, will be pleasantly surprised to learn of her marriage to A. S. Cisney of Watkins, Montana. Mr. Cisney is a man of splendid character. He is well known and highly respected in a community still rough and unsettled enough to be a strong man's land.

— *The Newton Falls (O.) County-News.*

Reluctant Praise

The writer and his father, C. I. Taylor, went over to Jakin Saturday night to hear the debate between Walter M. Cook and Ellis Pace, which was very good considering everything as it was.

— *The Donaldsonville (Ga.) News.*

Puck-o-grams

Still, there is no record that Ferdinand of Roumania has sent a congratulatory telegram to the Kaiser yet.

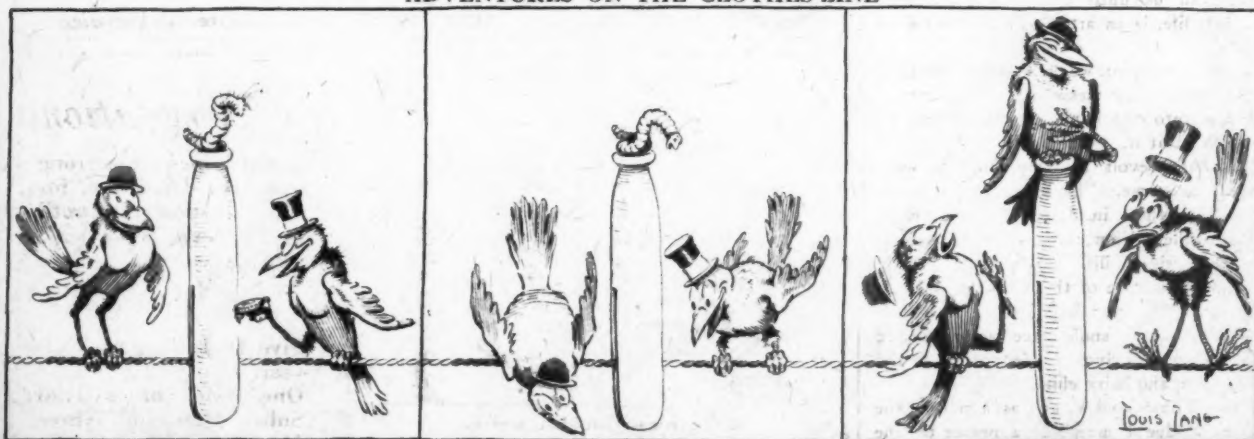
Germany is said to be "bidding for peace," but to date, all bids have been rejected as not complying with the specifications.

Well, Oliver Osborne has been found, and there is now one less thing for newspaper paragraphers to write about.

Why not an eight-hour day for bores?

England is counting on confusing her enemies and breaking through for a touchdown with her new move, the cabinet shift.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"I'll match you for the worm—

heads, I win."

"You both lose!"

The Reason

WILLIS: The wedding of your daughter and Count de Broke didn't begin on time. What was the cause of the delay?

GILLIS: We were obliged to make a shift in the music at the last minute. We couldn't use "O promise Me" because it reminded the Count of his notes, and we had to cut out the "Wedding March" because his bankruptcy proceedings come up in that month, and besides Mendelssohn is the name of his principal creditor.

The Result

WILLIS: Did the efficiency expert that you had at your office accomplish anything?

GILLIS: Well, he made some good discoveries but spoiled them by his recommendations. For instance, he found out that the office-boy was wasting considerable time and recommended that we engage an assistant to roll his cigarettes.

Modest

CHORUS GIRL: Understand now, I want no publicity about my marriage to Harold Gottmunney.

REPORTER: Very well.

CHORUS GIRL: Just a modest photograph of myself in tights and a scant half-column in an inconspicuous place on the front page.

His Position

MISS Highbrow: Have you read the Greek tragedies?

MR. Lowbrow: I don't have time; but I've given to all the Relief Funds that they have raised for them.

Puck Interviews the Sultan

(Continued from page 5)

The world was becalmed in the centre of the Dead Sea of Progress. Ennui appealed to Mars — and never does she appeal in vain.

"We, the Turks, are unconquerable. When the Kaiser rules from London — now, don't smile, young man — we shall dominate the Balkans. And that, too, is written. But that aside. I am not fanatically patriotic. I am a world figure; hence I am an Eye more than an emotion. You will never understand us until you understand that war, like life, is an art, and not a morality-play."

At that moment we were interrupted by a uniformed army messenger who shoved a telegram into the hand of Mohammed V. He glanced at it.

"Another revolt in Armenia," he said, looking up at me. "I cannot teach my subjects down there in Armenia the grandeur of the Aesthetic View, the impersonal outlook on their trivial ills. They have caught that dread scourge of the West, the will-to-progress. Ah! we shall see!" And that sinister, æsthetic smile once again gushed into prismatic rivulets, incarnadine and gray, down the hairy chin.

I left Mohammed V, and as I crossed the Galata Bridge I mumbled a prayer to the great god Abracadabra.



Loyal to the Service

They Uphold Each Other's Hands

The public *must* be served. This is the dominating thought of the entire Bell organization from the president down. Every employe feels the sense of responsibility that this working principle implies. The public must be served — efficiently, uninterruptedly.

In the fulfilment of this policy, the management of the Bell System realizes that every individual employe must give undivided and undistracted effort and interest to his work.

To assure this, every worker receives adequate remuneration, ample protection in case of illness and provision for old age. All these personal matters are cared for so that the employe has the least possi-

ble worry regarding his own welfare. His whole-hearted attention can be devoted to serving the public.

While each employe realizes that he is but a single factor, he understands that not only is supreme personal effort expected of him, but also a loyal support to every other telephone worker.

There is something in the telephone organization which imbues every employe with a spirit of loyalty to the public. All feel a direct responsibility for each other because each recognizes that only by mutual endeavor can they render the high standard of service which is expected of them. They uphold each other's hands so that the public may be served.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



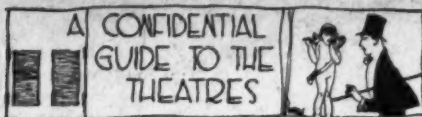
A Christmas Gift that Arrives
52 Times a Year.

The Temptation

to put things off is strong upon us. Therefore, for those gifts you've left until the Eleventh hour, send

Puck

Five Dollars for the full year.
One Dollar for a Trial Subscription of Three Months.



GEO. COHAN'S THEATRE
Broadway at 42d St.
Tel. Bryant 392
Nights, 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.20

RUTH CHATTERTON

and company including **BRUCE McRAE**

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

By A. E. THOMAS, based upon the novel by
Alice Duer Miller.
Fragrant, diverting, appealing.—*World*.

Gaiety Theatre Evenings at 8.20,
Matinees Wed. and
Saturday at 2.20

TURN TO THE RIGHT

"UNDILUTED JOY"—*WORLD*

HIPPODROME

MANAGEMENT CHARLES DILLINGHAM
Nights at 8.15 Mat. every day at 2.15

"THE BIG SHOW" Staged by R. H. BURNSIDE

With the Incomparable **PAVLOVA**

NEW ICE MAMMOTH MINSTRELS 100 NOVELTIES
BALLET 1,000 PEOPLE

WORLD'S BIGGEST SHOW AT THE LOWEST PRICES

ELTINGE Theatre, W. 42nd Street.
Eves. at 8.30. Mats. Wed.
and Sat. at 2.30

A. H. Woods presents

Cheating Cheaters

By Max Marcini

REPUBLIC Theatre, West 42nd St.,
Eves. at 8.20. Mats.
Wed. and Sat. at 2.20

Arthur Hopkins presents

GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE!

A New Farce by CLARE KUMMER

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE
W. 42nd St.
Eves. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.20

Klaw and Erlanger's Unrivalled Musical
Comedy Success

Miss Springtime

By Emmerich Kalman—composer of "Sari"

After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam
Theatre

NEW ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC
Meeting Place
of the World

30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World

Cohan & Harris THEATRE
West-42d St.
Tel. 6344 Bryant

Evening at 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2.20

COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

CAPTAIN KIDD, Jr.

A farical adventure by Rida Johnson Young

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 13)

The musical comedy actress appears to be more durable than does her legitimate sister. The most ardent devotee of Shakespeare balks at *Rosalind* in the Forest of Arden, after the first "flush of youth." If Anna Held could ever have played *Rosalind*, she could assuredly play it now. Doublet and hose would not affright her in the least.

How the ingenuous country chap loved a lady with a whole volume of pasts, and was then righted by the simple, unsophisticated lassie also from the country, was told by the undaunted Mr. Owen Davis in a comedy entitled "Mile-a-Minute Kendall" at the Lyceum Theatre. Unfortunately we failed to care very much just whether he was righted or wronged, and that was a pity.

In the last act, he invented something very valuable for automobile use—something to run a car easily (why, oh, why was it not something to run a play easily?) and became disgustingly rich and prosperous. That is what they call a happy ending. It is the thing that managers clamor for in the mistaken belief that we want to take it home with us. Exactly what "Mile-a-Minute" meant, I was unable to discover. It had what was advertised as a "typical Morosco cast," and that also was a mystery to me.

The typical Morosco cast included Miss Adele Blood, as the lady with the past. May we look, with pleasant anticipation, to the luxury of an "un-typical" Morosco cast some day?

The efforts to be "different" amuse me very much, because they are all the same. The Portmanteau Theatre reminded me of the Washington Square Players, and of the Neighborhood Playhouse.

Of course it is dreadfully hard to be different—at least differently different!

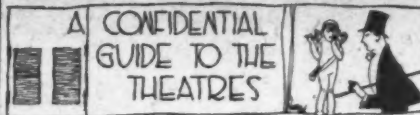
At Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre an attempt was made to interest children. When adults try to appeal to children, the first thing they do is to pore over the pages of "Alice in Wonderland." That they regard as amusing nonsense, and immediately they proceed to imitate it. They forget the fact that it was Lewis Carroll's gorgeous philosophy and scintillant wit that made "Alice" a classic.

The playlet called "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" seemed to me more likely to appeal to imbeciles than to children. It was so completely devoid of humor or of fantasy.

However, the fact that it was offered by a "cult" aided it, and on all sides I heard such phrases as "How charming!" "How perfectly darling!" "Isn't it sweet and dear?"—and so on.

To be different! It is nice, when you know how.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
60c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles.



SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS IN NEW YORK

WINTER GARDEN SHOW OF WONDERS
SHUBERT.....So Long Letty
ASTOR.....Her Soldier Boy
CASINO.....Anna Held
39th ST.....Emma Dunn
BOOTH.....Getting Married

LONGACRE W. 48th St., Eves.
8.30. Mats. Wed. and
Sat. at 2.30.

H. H. FRAZEE presents

WILLIAM COLLIER

In the greatest of all farces

Nothing BUT THE Truth

WANTED—AN IDEA!

WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money," RANDOLPH & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 185, Washington, D. C.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

Same for 106 Years

Old Overholt is made from the choicest Pennsylvania Rye and honestly aged in the wood. It's bottled in bond—a surety of its purity.

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh Pa.

Do Business by Mail

It's profitable, with accurate lists of prospects. Our catalogue contains vital information on Mail Advertising. Also prices and quantity on 6,000 national mailing lists, 99% guaranteed. Such as:

War Material Mfrs.	Wealthy Men
Cheese Box Mfrs.	Auto Grease Mfrs.
Shoe Retailers	Auto Owners
Contractors	Tin Can Mfrs.
Druggists	Farmers, Etc.

Write for this valuable reference book; also prices and samples of fac-simile letters. Have us write or revise your Sales Letters.

Ross-Gould, 806-E Olive St.

Ross-Gould
Mailing Lists St. Louis

The Threefold Warning

(continued from page 8)

than he then realized that in the shortest space of time his predicted end would come. And in a fit of despair and wrath he called into the air: "Invisible Spirit, Thou Who hast warned me thrice, and Whose warning I heeded not; Thou Whom I recognize as stronger than myself, — ere Thou destroyest me, make Thyself known to me!"

And through the night, there resounded the Voice, near and unfathomably far at the same time: "No mere mortal has ever known me, but names I have many. The superstitious call me Fate, fools — Chance, and the pious — God. But to those who deem themselves wise, I am the Force that has been from the beginning of all days and still is and works unrestrained in eternity through all that passes."

"Therefore I curse Thee in my dying hour," exclaimed the youth with the bitterness of death weighing on his heart, "for if Thou art the Force which has been from the beginning of all days, and manifests itself throughout eternity, then all that transpired had been predestined. I had to cross the forest 'in order to commit the murder, I had to wander across the meadow in order to bring ruin on my fatherland, I had to climb up this peak in order to meet my end — in spite of Thy threefold warnings. Why, then, was I sentenced to hear it thrice, the warning which could not have been of any use to me? Was this, too, predestined? And why, O Mockers of all Mockers, must I utter my helpless Why in my dying hour to Thee?"

And it seemed to the youth that an incomprehensible laughter, heavy and earnest, shook the heavens, and when he attempted to listen to the Voice, the ground under his feet quavered, and he fell deeper than millions of abysses, into a Darkness where all the nights lurk which came and will come — from the beginning to the very end of the world.

An Argument For Conservation

While cutting wood last Wednesday a tree lodged and trying to cut it down the tree starting to fall Walden Kenser trying to escape the falling tree was seriously hurt by a broken jaw and cluts on his head.

— *The Rural Retreat (Va.) Times.*

Culture Goes East

Gary society in its full splendor gave further testimony Saturday afternoon that the period which is termed in French "au fait" has arrived in this Aladdin city, just completing its first decade.

— *The Gary (Ind.) Post*

Civilization

Jim Ferguson traded his mountain home to Jim Trafanstedt for a set of wagon harness and a telephone.

— *The Morrilton (Ark.) Democrat.*

Fair-Minded

BOSTON BULL, pedigreed, reasonable. Owner leaving city.

— *The Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.*

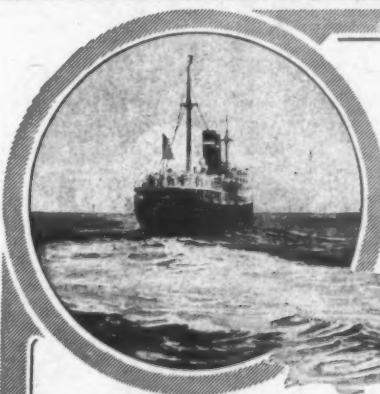
The HARDMAN AUTOTONE

The PERFECT Player-Piano

A superb Hardman Upright with the best Player-Action manufactured. Made in its entirety by us in our own factories Easy terms if desired

HARDMAN, PECK & CO.

Founded 1842
HARDMAN HOUSE
433 Fifth Ave. New York
Brooklyn Store:
524 Fulton Street



PORTO RICO CRUISE

A JOURNEY of indescribable charm—sixteen days of delightful cruising through the vivid blue waters of the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Visits to the quaint old cities of Porto Rico; glimpses of the picturesque life and buildings of the romantic Spanish period. You explore ancient forts, ramble through narrow, foreign streets and revel in the scenes and atmosphere of the tropics.

16-DAY CRUISE

All Expenses **\$94.50** and up

The steamer is your hotel for the entire cruise, from New York to and around Porto Rico, stopping at principal ports and return. Big, staunch vessels of 10,000 tons, especially fitted for the tropics, supply every comfort and convenience. All necessary expenses of the voyage included in the fare. A sailing every Saturday at noon. Write for illustrated booklet, "Through Tropic Seas." Address: *Cruising Department,*

PORTO RICO LINE

11 Broadway

New York



DISTRICT PASSENGER OFFICES

BOSTON
192 Washington St.

PHILADELPHIA
701 Chestnut St.

WASHINGTON
1306 F Street, N. W.

NEW YORK
290 Broadway



"Bubble, Bubble,—"

(Continued from page 10)

deeply intent on important matters. But that does not hoodwink Glover.

"Put it there for Christmas' sake, old hoss," he sings out, pumping my right arm violently. "The joy season is here."

"That's you, Glover," I say inanely.

"Yours faithfully," he replies with a pompous gesture, "Kid Glover, ex-champion of the Lower West Side, trainer of busy men for life's affairs, a common sense system applied to common sense people in a common sense way." He has a weakness for quoting from his own advertising matter.

"What's the sizzling thought behind that extract from your booklet?" I venture weakly.

"Nature's warning should not be disregarded," he quotes again decisively. "You need attention. At this time of the year —"

"Stop, stop," I protest.

"Irritability is the first sign of incipient neurasthenia," he continues, lavishing another passage on me. "At this time of the year —"

I interrupt him recklessly. A wild thought strikes me. My pale cheeks flush; my eyes glow brilliantly.

"Can you teach me the knock-out blow?" I ask him.

"The manly art of self-defence is my specialty," he informs me slapping his chest.

"I want to begin to-night," I tell him.

"You're eager all right." He winks at me. "Any special reason?"

"You mentioned it a moment ago," I answer, "self-defence."

"Who's the guy?" he asks grinding his jaws fiercely.

"Christmas spirit," I respond, almost prostrating Glover as I walk off.

— E. L.

Holworthy Hall Explains

To the Editor of Puck:

Inasmuch as my storiette, "The Same Old Christmas Story," published in your Christmas issue, was a frank parody of Stephen Leacock, and this fact does not appear to be as evident as I thought it was, will you do me the favor of publishing this statement in an early issue?

I am unable to see how anyone who knows the work of Professor Leacock would overlook the burlesque, but to remove all suspicion from the minds of ardent critics, here is what Professor Leacock wrote me about this story:

"DEAR MR. PORTER:

"As to your imitation of my style, the only trouble is that you write it better than I do. But let us both admit that it's a damn good style.

"I once wrote a book on Political Science, and another professor wrote one and stole all the best parts of mine. So I got out a new edition and stole back all of his ideas. This process I shall also apply to you.

"With many thanks and best wishes,

"STEPHEN LEACOCK."

Harold E. Porter
("Holworthy Hall")

Cut Your Own Hair

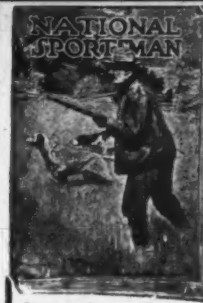
You can now cut your own hair when and how you please and as good as a barber can do it without the barber's bill if you use an

AMERICAN SAFETY HAIR CUTTER (McDonough's Patent)

This automatic machine is not a clipper. Works like combing your hair enabling you to cut your own hair quickly and cheaply. Is sanitary. The money you save on six \$5c. hair cuts pays for the machine. Future hair cuts cost only two cents each. The only attention required is occasional renewal of blades. Outfit complete with six blades, \$2.50, postpaid. If your dealer cannot supply you, send the money to day or write for information. Makes an ideal Christmas Gift. Dealers and salesmen write for terms.



AMERICAN SAFETY HAIR CUTTER COMPANY
967 LIBERTY AVENUE ROOM 283 PITTSBURGH, PA.



An Encyclopaedia of Outdoor Sports

TELLS everything worth while about hunting, fishing, trapping, camping, and woodcraft. Contains valuable information about guns and rifles, fishing tackle, camp outfit, traps, etc. Best places to go for fish and game. 122 pages fully illustrated, with handsome colored cover.

SPECIAL OFFER!

We will send you a copy of latest issue, together with set of 8 colored outdoor sport pictures, size 8x12, for your den, on receipt of the 10 stamps or coin.

National Sportsman, 253 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

COLLEGE MEN

Wanted to represent PUCK on a liberal commission plan. Easy, pleasant way of making money in college. We want a hustler in every college and preparatory school in the country, and the first available applicant from each institution will be given the exclusive representation.

Write PUCK, Madison Square, N. Y.



THE LAFAYETTE FUND

SENDS COMFORT KITS
TO THE SOLDIERS OF FRANCE
FOR TWO DOLLARS EACH

THE KIT CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES:
1 PONCHO - (COMBINATION RAINCOAT AND BLANKET)
1 PAIR FLEECE LINED DRAWERS - 1 FLEECE LINED SHIRT
1 PAIR WOOLEN SOCKS - 1 HANDKERCHIEF - 1 CAKE OF SOAP - 1 PIPE - 1 PACKAGE OF NOTE PAPER - 1 PENCIL
1 CAN OF CRETOL OINTMENT.

SEND ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO
FRANCIS ROCHÉ
SECRETARY AND TREASURER
VANDERBILT HOTEL NEW YORK
AND YOUR NAME WILL GO IN THE KIT

ALL MONEY SUBSCRIBED GOES TO KITS
EXPENSES ARE MET BY THE COMMITTEE



Lots of Pep



The Pearl in the Oyster



Latest in Evening Gowns



Take It From Me!



The Serenade



Grape Shot

HERE are six of the most celebrated pictures PUCK has printed in the past few years. They are all in full color on heavy artist's proof paper, and measure approximately 11 x 14 inches. For den, club-room or college dormitory, they are unsurpassed in the world of art prints.

These pictures, carefully protected and all ready for framing, will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents per subject, in stamps or currency. Five subjects, sent to the same address, \$1.00.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION
Madison Square, New York

The Man Who Saved Russia

(Continued from page 10)

through, understand me?" He sawed the air with his index finger. "Cannon, indeed! Not even hay wagons can pass along my roads." He flushed in conscious pride.

"In other words, you mean to convey," I interposed with all the delicacy at my command, "that a few of the roads constructed by you were not quite satisfactory?"

"Not a few,—all of them. Everyone of them is good for nothing. After a few minutes of rain they become impassable marshes. My bridges collapse every year, my wooden trestles rot away. They are all good for nothing."

"What was your object?" I inquired, still puzzled.

And Michailov replied: "I'm no philanthropist. I was in the business to make something, and I was compelled to use the cheapest material I could get."

"In order to make more?"

"No, in order to pay the inspectors and the engineers. I hardly made a living, but as for graft—I distributed thousands of rubles."

"Graft!"

"Yes, of course. I economized on steel, on sand, on gravel—on anything you please. You see, the chief inspector grafted, and so did his first assistant, the second assistant and all the assistants. And the chief engineer grafted. And so did the police captains and the constables, and the secretaries, and their wives and their children. . . They kept on grafting. . . I economized on the military highways, feeding, in the meantime all my engineers on graft. But I'm not complaining. I saved Russia!"

"But what can I do for you?" I asked my eccentric visitor.

"Well, you see, I'd like to get a contract for constructing a few highways in the United States."

I promised to see what I could do for him.

The Consumer Family

(Continued from page 11)

two years, and everything costs so much that we don't seem to get anywhere."

"Tell you, Pop," suggested the eldest son, "we can give up germs. This is Open Window week and everybody is supposed to let the air into the house and drive the germs out. You'd enjoy doing that, because air, at least, is free."

"Free!" cried his father, "where do you figure it's free? If you breathe it in the house you have to pay rent or taxes; if you breathe it outside, you've got to have a lot of clothes to keep you from freezing, and besides, if you wander around outside and do nothing but breathe the air, the police arrest you for vagrancy. So you've got to work for the air you breathe or pungle for it like everything else. No matter where you turn, you give up!"

"Then where does this 'Happy New Year' stuff come in?" asked the elder son.

"I give up!" replied his father as the newsboy rang the bell and sent in a card with "Happy New Year" upon it.



They say—
white clothes
are expensive—

white shoes, white spats, white gloves, white veils, white felt hats—because it costs so much to have them cleaned.

Not so—

A little

CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid

—and a white cloth will clean any or all of them quickly and inexpensively and cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

Carbena is safe to use in your home day or night because it

—will not explode

15c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.00 bottles. At all druggists



HOTELS INDIAN RIVER AND ROCKLEDGE Rockledge, Florida

Located 150 miles below Jacksonville, on the East Coast and Indian River

Fine Golf Course. Hunting. Fishing. Boating. Tennis.
Billiards. Pool and Dancing.

Opens Jan. 4th.

Accommodates 400.

Write for Circular

W. W. BROWN, Hotel Manhattan, 42d St., New York City

Until Dec. 25th.

After that date, Rockledge, Florida

Summer season, GRANLIDEN HOTEL, Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire



Between Friends,

It's Old

I. W. HARPER

WHISKEY

3 Gold Medals

4 Qts. \$5.00
Delivered to You

Order from Your
Nearest Dealer



The Xmas Puck

on receipt of 25c. in stamps.

Sent prepaid
to any address

For Value, Service, Home Comforts
Meet me at the TULLER



Hotel Tuller
Detroit, Mich.

Center of Business on Grand Circus Park. Take
Woodward Car, Get off at Adams Avenue

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Rooms	Single	Double
200 Private Bath	\$1.50	\$2.50 Up
200 Private Bath	2.00	3.00 Up
100 Private Bath	2.50	4.00 Up
100 Private Bath	\$3.00 to 5.00	4.50 Up

Total 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet.

Two Floors
Agents' Sample Rooms
New Unique Cafes
and Cabaret Excellent

is.

ts



r

Park. Take
venue

Double
\$2.50 Up
3.00 Up
4.00 Up
4.50 Up

Quiet.
Cafes
Excellent

Puck



Especially at Christmastide!

Why not solve your gift problems by sending PUCK—the gift that cannot be warmed over for use the following season—the gift that repeats its message of goodwill fifty-two times a year?

We have two concrete suggestions for the approaching holidays:

The First

A full year of PUCK, consisting of 52 issues, at \$5.00.

The Second

A trial subscription of 13 weeks, at \$1.00.

In both instances, we mail a handsome Christmas card, containing your name as donor. The card, together with the first copy of PUCK, is mailed so as to reach the recipient on Christmas morning.

Use the coupon! It's easier for both of us.



PUCK
Madison Square
New York

Enclosed find \$....
for which I want to
send PUCK for.....to

.....
Name of Recipient

.....
Address of Recipient

.....
City and State

.....
My own name is.....

When writing to advertisers, please mention PUCK



10 for 25¢

AN IDEAL GIFT
FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
HANDSOME WHITE AND
GOLD EMBOSSED BOX.
QUALITY AND
REFINEMENT
"FIFTYSIX" IS PACKED
IN BOXES OF
50 AND 100

"FIFTY SIX" CIGARETTE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



THEIR FAVORITE NUMBER

56



MADE EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE HIGHEST GRADES OF TURKISH TOBACCOS